



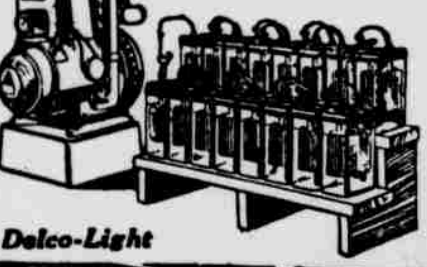
The Store

that is well lighted is invariably the most prosperous.

DELCO-LIGHT

will light your store, supply power for the coffee grinder, electric fans and other store equipment. It is the most reliable home electric plant made. A child can operate it. Runs on gasoline, kerosene or gas. Will pay for itself in a short time. Let us demonstrate its wonderful value.

Write to
Home Light & Power Co.
Charlotte, N. C.



MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Biliousness, Constipation and ailments requiring a TONIC treatment.

OXIDINE

GUARANTEED and made by Behrens Drug Co. Waco, Tex. Sold by All Druggists 50¢



Like Old Si.

ent, who broke all war correspondent records by going "over the top" with the doughboys at Cantigny, has a hatred of faking.

At a fish dinner at Prunier's in Paris, a faking correspondent denied that he had ever written any fakes. "Well, George," said Mr. Hooper, "maybe you're like old Si Peacham. 'I'm eighty-nine years old,' said old Si in the general store, and I don't remember ever to have told a lie."

"The general storekeeper gave a short rasping laugh.

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be invigorated, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles.

There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarem Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Haarem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

Milling Corn Flour.

It has been found possible to use much of the wheat-milling machinery of the United States for milling corn. In this way the output of cornmeal was almost doubled within five months. Instead of using 8,000,000 barrels of wheat flour each month, America can now depend upon corn products for all breadstuff demands.

Soft, Clear Skins.

Night and morning bathe the face with Cuticura Soap and hot water. If there are pimples first smear them with Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

His State.

"Your friend is in a grave revery." "That comes from his being buried in thought."

Summer Diarrhoeas can be controlled more quickly with GROVES' BABY BOWEL MEDICINE and it is absolutely harmless. Just as effective for Adults as for Children.

War-time hardships—concrete vessels.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

United States Marine Borrows Plane and Does Amazing Stunts

He Wings Five Foes, Captures Prisoner, Saves Wounded Man and Gets Captaincy—While Trying to Adjust Engine Trouble He Sees Two Britons Attacked by Twelve Huns, He Dives Into Melee and Shoots Down Four of Foe.

By FRAZIER HUNT.

In the Chicago Tribune.
American Naval Aviation Camp on the French coast.—Time was when the United States marines were content to be the soldiers of the land and sea. Now they have added the air to their provinces—and the everlasting luck of the marines holds good, even in the clouds.

The other day a fighting Yankee flyer of the marine corps, First Lieut. Edwin C. Chamberlain of Texas, went visiting a British flying squadron on the Marne.

On the first morning of his arrival Lieutenant Chamberlain borrowed a plane and shot down one German in flames and forced another to descend so a British flyer could get him.

On the next day he went as an escort for a party of French bombers over the Marne. On the way back he got into a fight, had engine trouble, and one of his guns jammed. While flying low he saw two of his comrades attacked by 12 Germans. He dove into the mixup and shot down four enemy planes. His engine stopped again, but while gliding low he emptied his gun into German infantrymen.

He was forced to land in No Man's Land. Leaving his machine, he ran unarmed into a Hun patrol of three men. Swinging his compass as if it was a grenade, he captured one German. Then he picked up a wounded colonel, forded a stream, and made his way back to the French line.

The Marine's Own Story.
He requested that his work be recorded. Leaving his machine he ran the British commander insisted on a full report, and now Lieutenant Chamberlain is recommended for a captaincy. Here is his report:

"We then started home and were attacked by a force thirty strong. A dog fight followed. We lost three machines and the Hun three. He withdrew. We were a bit scattered, but got together.

"A few miles farther on the Hun came at us in four formations of ten each, this time outnumbering us nearly two to one. We had an awful dog fight, and lost two bombers and four fighters. I got several bullets in my plane, one of which partly disabled my engine and made it die every few minutes and then run fine for a spell. One gun also jammed.

"Two other fighters and myself and one French bomber found ourselves separated from the rest, and started home together. I kept losing altitude while trying to fix the gun. I only had 100 shots left in the remaining gun.

"About eight miles from our lines, while flying in fair archie fire, and trying to get the jammed shell out of my gun, all suddenly became quiet. I knew this meant there were Hun planes about. Looking up, I saw twelve Hun fighters—a dense lot—circling about my companions, and quite a way above was one coming for me.

Engine Bad, Hunts Fight.
"My engine was missing badly, and had gone dead a moment before, but I went to meet him like I meant to fight. I fired just to break the strain. He suddenly pitched forward and dove straight for the ground. Just then my engine suddenly became very lively,

and I started up to join the buzzard dance above, where it was ten to two against us. The eleventh German was sitting high. He evidently was the leader and was watching for some one to slaughter.

"My two companions were darting this way and that, trying to force their way out of the circle, but the Huns were maneuvering so as to tighten the circle. They didn't see me as I flew into the hazy sunlight just over their circle.

"As two went for my companions I went for them, nose down, with the vertical engine full on. I got the first one in thirty yards with twenty rounds from my one working gun. He blew up and went down burning.

Second Goes Down Burning.
"As I dodged to miss him the second enemy turned square about in front of me, and I got him with a burst of twenty-five shots at twenty yards. He spun about, with flames leaping over the machines. The pilot jumped out.

"Then my engine commenced missing. I looked around and saw five coming at me, including the leader, in a mellow gray Albatross. I saw my companions go after a Hun apiece, and each got one. One went down burning and a wing fell off the other one.

"Then my engine stopped full, and the Hun came after me in twos, and I dove vertically for a second, pulled into a loop without power, and kicked into a vertical side slip at the top.

"There directly under me was a desperately moving Hun, but I had him. He went down with a dropping wing in a fantastic spin.

"Then I went after the four remaining Huns. The leader was first. He pulled a powerful wing over at me, but I got the idea first. We met head on. I fired the last thirty rounds and was pilled up myself with bullets going by like hail. I looked out and there was the leader diving on his back, hanging out of his machine, evidently hit. The others reported that he hung as if dead.

"I turned desperately, having no more shots left. I saw my companions attacking the three remaining Huns, who were making off in wide circles. The other two Huns had disappeared, while French bombers crossed our lines safely.

Score, 7 to 0.
"Three of us attacked by twelve shot four down in flames, two completely out of control and one engine out of control.

"Odds, twelve Huns; three allies. "Score, seven Huns down; allies, zero.

"After I had gone quite a way back east my engine went bad and kept getting worse. The other two, like typical British soldiers, stayed with me until near our lines, when the engine died. I was getting all the archie and machine gun fire from the newly established enemy lines. My companions could not assist me.

"I saw I couldn't make our lines in the deep woods, so I dove onto the Hun troops, coming behind their lines. Having fixed my other gun after the fight, I scattered them with a hail of bullets. I then landed on a sloping depression near the wood, an eighth of a mile beyond the enemy outposts.

"I was in a wheat field about 100 yards from some trees, which were

swept by enemy machine guns. The enemy outposts could see only the top wings of my machine, but began to shell it. So I tore out the round iron compass and the maps and tried to burn the machine, but only fired the wheat.

"The shells were coming close, so I crawled toward the woods. As I came to a small water-filled ditch, I almost lost heart.

Helped by Enemy Fire.

"On the other side were three Huns crawling towards me. I was unarmed, but remembered that the compass looked like a grenade. I hauled back as if to throw it. Two Germans jumped and ran, one falling, hit by fire from his own lines, and the second being killed. The third cried 'kamerad' and threw down his rifle. I got that rifle, took his pistol, and ordered him to crawl ahead.

"He looked startled when he heard English, and answered in good English. He begged me not to kill him, as he was a married man.

"I told him to shut up and crawl on. If he did not try to run he would not be harmed. We reached the wood, thick with brambles and swept by machine guns and shells. In the middle of the wood was a stream five feet wide and four feet deep. I heard a whispered groan in French, so I crawled along a few yards and found a wounded colonel, who had been hit in the leg and neck.

Cares for Wounded Man.

"The German prisoner followed me without a word. He started to give the man a drink from his canteen, but I took the canteen, washed it, gave the colonel a drink, washed his wounds so I could move him, and then picked him up. I ordered the German to make his way with his hands up. The Hun drew no fire. Then I went in. Snipers took three shots at us, but they only splashed about. The brush was very thick on the other bank of the stream and I had to drag the wounded colonel through the Hun-shelled thicket.

"We were suddenly fired on and challenged in French. I replied in bad French, 'Officer militaire Americain aux blesses colonel,' 'Aviator Americain,' and added about all the French I knew. A whole string of French came in reply.

"The German said, 'They say 'crawl into the open with hands up.' I did. Then two men and a French officer came. They bristled at the German, but I pointed to my gun and the wounded colonel, who talked fast, whereupon the Frenchman threw his arms about me and talked a lot. We crawled to the outpost. I helped the wounded colonel to the dressing station, which was being shelled. The Hun acted as my assistant and interpreter. Speaking French, he was able to give valuable information, and I took him to the division headquarters.

"When questioned I pretended I did not know what was wanted and wouldn't give my name. After a time the French commander got this information by telephone from the British commander."

Not a Slacker There.

Sheboygan, Wis.—A raid on summer hotels and dance halls at Crystal and Elkhardt lakes conducted by members of the defense council and similar organizations failed to round up any slackers, as every young man accosted by the officers produced a registration card.

TEACH WOMEN HOW TO FIGHT HUN PROPAGANDA

Seattle, Wash.—Seattle women are learning how to combat German propaganda. At the University of Washington, an institute under the direction of Miss Hunley Coldwell, dean of women, is in session giving a large class of women accurate information of the government's war program.

CHATEAU THIERRY PEOPLE GREET THEIR LIBERATORS



In this, one of the first pictures to reach this country of the battle of Chateau Thierry, are shown some inhabitants of the town who remained during the German occupation walking through the destroyed streets to meet the American soldiers.



THE SEALS.

"We have the same Mr. Seal whom we share between us," said Mrs. Sally Seal, "but our little baby seals are our own."

"That is right," said Mrs. Susan Seal. "In fact our Mr. Seal is shared by about one hundred Mrs. Seals. We don't care to have a mate apiece—that's foolish for we are used to sharing a Mr. Seal and so we think it's all right that way."

"I wouldn't like to share the babies, though," said Mrs. Sally Seal.

"Neither would I," said Mrs. Susan Seal. "You see how nice everything is. Nothing happens which we don't like, and everything happens which we like."

"It's a nice world," said Mrs. Sally Seal.

"My babies were born on this very beach," said Mrs. Susan Seal, "and I was so interested in them that from the time I came up on this beach until four weeks or more had gone by I didn't have a thing to eat. Somehow I didn't think of food. I was so interested in the children and everything around me."

"I didn't have anything to eat for about six weeks, I think," said Mrs. Sally Seal. "The beach is so interesting and when I come to it I like to stay for quite awhile. But then I began to grow restless and I knew the children wanted to be fed, so I went back and forth, back and forth."

"The same as I did," said Mrs. Susan Seal. "And I do believe that all the other seal mothers did the same. Do you know that there is something about us which puzzles people?"

"I didn't know it," said Mrs. Sally Seal.

"Would you like to hear about it?" asked Mrs. Susan Seal.

"I would, indeed," said Mrs. Sally Seal. "Can you tell me? Do you know what it is?"

"I do," said Mrs. Susan Seal, "and I will tell you about it."

"That is good of you," said Mrs. Sally Seal. And they both settled themselves on the beach, after they had had a little bite of fish for their luncheon and then Mrs. Susan Seal began her story.

"People," she said, "are very much puzzled because the Seal children always know their babies. They think it is strange."

"Don't mothers know their babies?" asked Mrs. Sally Seal.

"Yes, I believe they do," said Mrs. Susan Seal. "In fact I am sure they do. I have never heard anything different and in fact I am positive they always do."

"Then why do they think it is strange that we should know our own babies?" asked Mrs. Sally Seal.

"Because, you know," said Mrs. Susan Seal, "there are so many of us and such lots and lots of babies. To every Mr. Seal there are about a hundred Mrs. Seals and every one of those Mrs. Seals, of course, has her own little family. So there are just lots and lots of children around the beach.

It's different, you see, from the way people live. Different mothers live in different homes so that the children don't get mixed up so easily.

"They think because there are so many children along the beach that they're bound to get mixed up, and that because the children all look alike to them they must look alike to us."

"Well, did I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Sally Seal.

"Of course, when the little dears come around we love and look after our own; we don't bother about the other mother's family. And the seals find their own mothers, the little pets."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Susan Seal, "we know our darlings and they know us, and if people think it is strange all I can say is that I think it is strange for them to think such things."

"Our only trouble in life is the fear of the whale which tries to kill us—but oh, for the most part we're very, very happy."

And Mrs. Sally Seal agreed. "Yes, we're playful and we're good swimmers. We can dive and leap and almost dance. All seals, until they're four or five years old, are just full of frolics and fun. But though we play and have a good time we always know our little children and can pick them out, even though there are thousands of seals on the beach."

Good Memory.

Father, who was endeavoring to inculcate in ten-year-old Henry a love for things historical, asked:

"What ancient ruler was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Hector, sir."

"No, not Hector. Hector was no ruler, but a Trojan prince. Try again."

"Then it was Prince."

"Prince? What do you mean, Henry?"

"Well, then it must have been Nero. I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."

In the Stone Age.

"We're getting soft and effete," declared the first cave man.

"Look at my brother's daughter. She's about to be married. You know the part of the ceremony where the groom taps the bride on the head?"

"Yes."

"Well, they're rehearsing it with a stuffed club."

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

When everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Surgical Operation by Telegraph.

The life of a man was saved in Australia by means of an operation without proper instruments under the direction of a surgeon 1,800 miles away. The subject fell from his horse at Halls Creek, in northern Australia, and suffered serious injuries. An operation was urgently necessary, and there was no doctor within 1,000 miles. The condition of the patient was described by telegraph to a doctor in Perth, and he sent back, by the same means, instructions under which the postmaster at Halls Creek, with such surgical instruments as he could get, the chief of which was a razor, carried out the operation successfully.

GIRLS! USE LEMONS

FOR SUNBURN, TAN

Try It! Make this lemon lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how quickly the freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

Superior Attitude.

"Is Gibbitt a man of large ideas?" "In one sense."

"How is that?"

"Anyone who disagrees with his ideas looks extremely small to him."

Grove's Chill Tonic Tablets and

Grove's Tasterless Chill Tonic. You can now get Grove's Tasterless Chill Tonic in Tablet form as well as in Syrup, the kind you have always bought. The tablets are intended for those who prefer to swallow a tablet rather than a syrup, and as a convenience for those who travel.

Grove's Chill Tonic Tablets contain exactly the same medicinal properties and produce the same results as Grove's Tasterless Chill Tonic which is put up in bottles. The price of either is 60¢.

The Talkative Post.

Hokus—Here comes Takalot.

Pokus—Do you know him to speak to?

Hokus—No, merely to listen to.—Town Topics.

America's 1918 corn crop is estimated at 3,000,000,000 bushels.

Suffered For Years

Back and Kidneys Were in

Bad Shape, But Doan's

Removed all the Trouble.

"My kidneys were so weak that the least cold I caught would affect them and start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," says Mrs. D. C. Ross, 973 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up, my back was so lame, I could hardly bend over and any move sent darts of pain through my kidneys. It was hard for me to walk up stairs or stoop, and to move while lying down sent darts of pain through me."

"The kidney secretions were scanty and distressing and the water remained in my system, making my feet and hands swell. There were dark circles under my eyes and I became so dizzy I could hardly see. I had rheumatic pains in my knees and it was all I could do to get around. For years I was in that shape and I wore plasters and used all kinds of medicine to no avail until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. They rid me of the trouble and strengthened my back and kidneys. When I have taken Doan's since, they have always benefited me."

Sworn to before me.

L. N. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50¢ a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.